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New York, 8 April, 1858.

Dear Garrison,

I am trying to raise the $15 necessary to procure your bust for the Anti-Slavery Office, & hope to get it in time. But it is difficult – very difficult – to raise money among the few friends of our cause here at this time. Hall, who in any ordinary time would give liberally for such a purpose, told me he felt very poor, & could only propose to be one of 15 to pay a dollar each. On this plan I am proceeding as I have time and opportunity.

The burden of affairs rests pretty heavily on me now. I miss Mr. Gay more, even, than I thought I

should. He used to wait upon a good many of our visitors — now I have to entertain them all, not excepting the lions, of whom there is no lack. It is exceedingly vexatious at times to be compelled to write and read in a place, not only open to the public, but where people ~~or~~ have a right to feel that they are invited and have the privilege of talking just as much as they please, whether they have any thing to say or not. If the Standard ~~is notable~~ fails to meet the expectations of its friends, it will not be for want of diligence on my part; for really I do all that my health will permit.

I wish I had a home, or were even able to occupy a room in which your bust would be an appropriate ornament. If I ever get to my place at Longwood (I am

setting out 150 trees this Spring), ~~you~~ the artist's imitation of you shall have a place of honor in my house, as you have me already in my heart.

Mary Anne is not well this Spring, but hopes to be better as the Summer approaches.

Have you heard that John & Rosalie Hopper, after being married 11 years, & children are now rejoicing in the delights of parentage? They have a son — a genuine chip, they all declare, of the Hopper block. The whole tribe are jubilant.

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver Johnson.

C. J. N. Y. April 8, 1858.